

THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

A JOURNAL OF
LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

"The task of an author is, either to teach what is not known or to recommend known truths by his manner of adorning them."

Dr. Johnson.

"Citizens by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of AMERICAN, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism."

Washington's Farewell Letter.

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No. 11.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

(Continued from page 74.).

The siege and victory of *New Orleans*, must always constitute the most brilliant feature in the life of General Jackson, as it will forever form the proudest theme of exultation in the history of the Republic. In contemplating the heroic achievements of this great and extraordinary man, we feel anxious to learn how, in a situation of such vast and untried difficulty; in such a state of weakness and of destitution, he could command success; and while environed within by treachery and discord, and menaced from without, by a veteran army of twelve thousand of the flower of *Wellington's Invincibles*, he could still defeat the machinations of the one, and repel the assaults of the other. The actions of great minds, although simple in themselves, are always wonderful to common understandings, who will not take the trouble to enquire into the sources of greatness. An unshaken courage, a deep sense of duty, and a love of virtue, are the means by which wise men arrive at distinction.—Had Jackson wanted either sagacity or valour, a sense of duty, or an entire devotion to his Country, the 8th January 1815, would have seen him on his voyage to England, or Canada, a prisoner of War, instead of receiving the homage of millions, as the glorious Victor of Sir Edward Packenham, and his numerous legions of veteran mercenaries, who like locusts, swarmed on our coasts only to be devoured.

Disaffection to the American cause, among the motley assemblage then in *Orleans*, was not a matter to excite astonishment, as much as grief; and though not great, it was still dangerous. Treachery was known to lurk in the breasts of some of the Foreign citizens, by being detected in its infamous disclosures, and informations to the enemy. The apathy of others though not so criminal, was equally productive of disaster. Some, however monstrous it may appear, actually claimed exemption from service, on the score of *foreign allegiance*! Others held back from convenience, or refused to co-operate lest it should subject them to the vengeance of the enemy, in case of defeat. All was insubordination and discord. The ordinary force of military command failed to produce that prompt obedience, indispensable to security in a time of imminent peril. Thus situated, Jackson perceived nothing but discomfiture and disgrace hanging over him. But he was not to be daunted by danger, or deterred from a discharge of duty, by the reproaches of little minds, who preferred personal ease to National honour. He declared *MARTIAL LAW*, on the 16th December, as the only means now left in his power, to save that important section of the Country from British subjugation. This measure had the desired effect. Domestic treason was for the time extinguished; and all anxiety upon this score being removed, General Jackson was left at full leisure to plan every means of repulsing the enemy, which his limited resources would allow.

Placed to defend an important and disaffected country, with such a paucity of raw and undisciplined troops, any man not possessed of the energy, decision, and genius of Jackson, would have shrunk with despair from the arduous and unpracticable task. With Jackson, however, every difficulty was an incitement to fresh exertion; and although his troops could not suddenly be drilled into the perfect discipline of European soldiers, yet under such an enthusiastic and patriotic commander, it was easy to infuse in the bosoms of the timid that spirit of confidence, which animated his own, and to kindle and

confirm the resolution of the brave to the prowess of republican heroes.

The forces of Jackson were concentrated in the immediate vicinity of *Orleans*, when on the 23d December 1814, between 12 and 1 o'clock, P. M. the disastrous news reached the city, of the landing of the British about 9 miles below. Major General Keene, with 3000 veteran troops had landed on that morning, and General Jackson was no sooner apprized of the fact, than he immediately marched with a select band, to give battle to the daring Invader. The nature and issue of the conflict will best appear from his own words.

MAJOR GENERAL JACKSON TO THE SECRETARY AT WAR.
Camp below New Orleans, Dec 27, 1814.

SIR,

The loss of our gun boats near the pass of the Rigolets, having given the enemy command of Lake Borgne, he was enabled to choose his point of attack. It became, therefore, an object of importance, to obstruct the numerous bayous and canals, leading from that lake to the highlands on the Mississippi. This important service was committed in the first instance, to a detachment of the 7th regiment, afterwards to Col. De Laronde, of the Louisiana Militia, and lastly, to make all sure, to Maj. Gen. Villere, commanding the district between the river and the lakes, and who, being a native of the country, was presumed to be best acquainted with all those passes. Unfortunately, however, a picket which the General had established, at the mouth of the bayou *Bienville*, and which, notwithstanding my orders, had been left unobstructed, was completely surprised, and the enemy penetrated through a canal leading to his farm, about two leagues below the city, and succeeded in cutting off a company of militia stationed there. This intelligence was communicated to me about 12 o'clock of the 23d. My force at this time consisted of parts of the 7th and 44th Regiments, not exceeding six hundred together, the city militia, a part of General Coffee's Brigade of mounted gunmen, and the detached militia from the western division of Tennessee, under the command of General Carroll. These two last corps were stationed four miles above the city. Apprehending a double attack by the way of *Chief-Mentour*, I left General Carroll's force, and the militia of the city, posted on the *Gentilly* road; and at five o'clock, P. M. marched to meet the enemy, whom I was resolved to attack in his first position, with Maj. Hind's dragoons, Gen. Coffee's brigade, parts of the 7th and 44th Regiments, the uniformed companies of militia, under the command of Maj. Planche, 200 men of colour, chiefly from *St. Domingo*, raised by Col. Savary, and acting under the command of Maj. Dagwin, and a detachment of artillery under the direction of Col. M'Rheu, with two 6 pounders under the command of Lieut. Spotts, not exceeding in all 1500. I arrived near the enemy's encampment about seven, and immediately made my dispositions for the attack. His forces amounting at that time on land, to about 3000, extended half a mile on that river, and in the rear, nearly to the wood. Gen. Coffee was ordered to turn their right, while with the residue of the force, I attacked his strongest position on the left, near the river. Col. Patterson having dropped down the river in the schooner *Caroline*, was directed to open a fire upon their camp, which he executed about half past seven. This being a signal of attack, Gen. Coffee's men, with their usual impetuosity, rushed on the enemy's right, and entered their camp, while our right advanced with equal ardour. There can be but little doubt, that we should have succeeded on that occasion, with our inferior force, in destroying or capturing the enemy, had not a thick fog which arose about 8 o'clock, occasioned some con-

fusion among the different corps. Fearing the consequence, under this circumstance, of the further prosecution of a night attack, with troops then acting together for the first time, I contented myself with lying on the field that night; and at four in the morning assumed a stronger position, about two miles nearer the city. At this position I remained encamped, waiting the arrival of the Kentucky militia, and other reinforcements. As the safety of the city will depend on the fate of this army, it must not be incautiously exposed.

In this affair the whole corps under my command, deserve the greatest credit. The best compliment I can pay to Gen. Coffee and his brigade, is to say, they behaved as they have always done, while under my command. The 7th led by Maj. Pierre, and 44th commanded by Col. Ross, distinguished themselves. The battalion of city militia commanded by Major Planche, realized my anticipations, and behaved like veterans. Savany's volunteers manifested great bravery: and the company of city riflemen, having penetrated into the midst of the enemy's camp, were surrounded, and fought their way out with the greatest heroism, bringing with them a number of prisoners. The two field pieces were well served by the officers commanding them.

All my officers in the line did their duty, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the whole of my field and staff. Cols. Butler and Platt, and Maj. Chotard, by their intrepidity, saved the artillery. Col. Haynes was every where that duty or danger called. I was deprived of the services of one of my aids, Capt. Butler, whom I was obliged to station, to his great regret, in town. Capt. Reid, my other aid, and Messrs. Livingston, Duplisis, and Davizac, who had volunteered their services, faced danger wherever it was to be met, and carried my orders with the utmost promptitude.

We made one Major, two subalterns, and sixty three privates prisoners; and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded must have been at least—* My own loss I have not as yet been able to ascertain with exactness, but suppose it to amount to 100 in killed, wounded, and missing. Among the former I have to lament the loss of Col. Lauderdale, of Gen. Coffee's brigade, who fell while bravely fighting. Cols. Dyer and Gibson of the same corps, were wounded, and Major Kavanaugh taken prisoner.

Col. De Laronde, Maj. Villere, of the Louisiana Militia, Maj. Latour, of Engineers, having no command, volunteered their services, as did Drs. Kerr and Hood, and were of great assistance to me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Such was the issue of the first conflict before New-Orleans, between the American Commander of a small corps consisting of 1500 raw militia, and an army of 3000 of Wellington's best troops. Animated by the spirit of Jackson, every citizen under his banners seemed to become a hero and a soldier, by the mere magic of his name. It is this confidence in, and exalted opinion of a General, which seems to create the materials of victory, from the most stubborn and undisciplined mass of Militia. The name of Jackson, during the whole of the last war, was always found sufficient to rally the ebbing spirits of his men, in the most perilous situation.—It was this which bound the spell of triumph over the arms of Buonaparte; which gave Caesar victory, in the midst of threatened destruction; and caused the beloved Washington to rise superior to every disaster, even on the brink of ruin.

The battle of the 23d, although not of a decisive character, was doubtless one of the principal means of our final success. It taught our troops to estimate their enemy less highly; it gave confidence to their courage, and boldness to their motions, which under such a commander, promised the most auspicious results. To the British, it served as a lesson of caution, and a check upon their presumptuous contempt of a plain and yeoman like militia. In the eyes of the British, the dashing boldness of the attack magnified the forces of Gen. Jackson, to a formidable army; and procured him a cessation of attack that left him full leisure, to assume a stronger position, and strengthen his defences without molestation. Nothing but the supposition of this impression being made upon the enemy, can account for the apathy of their disposition, and their delay in renewing hostilities. They waited for re-enforcements, when their army was already double the strength of ours; but Gen. Jackson waited because he was weak, and every moment, even if it did not augment his army, strengthened his breast works, and gave him fresh assurances of final success.

Calculating momently of an attack from the enemy, Jackson was incessantly active in promoting the means of defence; he was never found lulled in security, or remitting in his vigilance.

On the 27th December, the Schooner Caroline, which had been of so much service in the battle of the 23d, was blown up, by red-hot balls from the British battery; it being found impossible to extricate

* It was afterwards ascertained to be 400, in killed, wounded, and prisoners. That of the Americans 213, in killed, wounded, and missing.

her from her perilous situation, owing to the current of the river, and the course of the winds. Capt. Patterson and crew, however, were not lost to their country, but became ever more effective soldiers, by serving under Jackson, in the land batteries.

Gen. Jackson was now fully prepared by his intrenchments on both banks of the river, to receive the menaced attack of the enemy; when early on the morning of the 28th December, being strongly re-enforced, Sir Edward Packenham attacked the American lines in person; of which Gen. Jackson gives the following account in his report to the Secretary of War.

Head Quarters, 7th Military District,
Camp below New Orleans, 29th Dec. 1814.

SIR,

The enemy succeeded on the 27th in blowing up the Caroline, (she being becalmed) by means of hot shot from a land battery which he had erected in the night. Emboldened by this event, he marched his whole force the next day, up the levee, in the hope of driving us from our position, and with this view, opened upon us, at the distance of about half a mile, his bombs and rockets. He was repulsed, however, with considerable loss, not less, it is believed, than 120 in killed. Our's was inconsiderable—not exceeding half a dozen in killed, and a dozen wounded.

Since then, he has not ventured to repeat his attempt, though lying close together. There has been frequent skirmishing between our pickets.

I lament that I have not the means of carrying on more offensive operations. The Kentucky troops have not arrived, and my effective force, at this point, does not exceed 3000. Their's must be at least double—both prisoners and deserters agreeing in the statement, that 7000 landed from their boats.

ANDREW JACKSON.

With what chagrin and vexation, Jackson felt himself constrained to be cooped up in his intrenchments, with a proud and insulting foe in full front of his lines, daily throwing the thunder of defiance from his canon, his bombs, and his rockets, we may readily conceive, when we reflect upon that spirit of dashing enterprize, and dauntless energy, which have so strikingly characterized his military character. Yet with all his martial fire, and impatient courage, Jackson was too humanely careful of the lives of his soldiers, to cause their blood to be shed by an enemy, for the mere sport of war, or the lust of glory. No commander was ever less prodigal of the lives of his troops. No commander ever fought an equal number of battles, with the loss of so few men. In every conjuncture, his only anxiety seemed to be the preservation and safety of his soldiers, not the glory of a conqueror, whose crown of victory is a wreath of human hearts, reeking in the gore of the battle field. To his great talents, therefore, as a captain, we must add the higher praise of his *humanity and benevolence*, as a man. A eulogium which few of the conquerors of Europe can extort, from their oppressed people, whom they have led to slaughter, with brutal indifference, for the gratification of an ignoble passion of conquest and of tyranny, or only as the means of rivetting stronger the chains of bondage upon their own subjects.

(To be continued.)

MANNERS OF THE TOWN.

NO. VI.

Centronius planned and built, and built and planned;
And now along Cayeta's winding strand,
And now amid Præneste's hills, and now
On lofty Tibur's solitary brow,
He rear'd prodigious piles, with marble brought
From distant realms, and exquisitely wrought:
Prodigious piles! that tower'd o'er Fortune's shrine,
As gelt Pozides towers, Oh Jove! o'er thine.

—Juvenal.

As I was sauntering up Chesnut-street some time since, reflecting upon the vicissitudes of fashion, and the many customs and practices peculiar to the present times, I was interrupted in my cogitations, by a great crowd pouring into a large mansion, from a long line of carriages, that together with the vulgar spectators, completely blocked up the street. Not knowing how to penetrate this invulnerable phalanx; and very much concerned for a new coat and pantaloons, which I had that morning paraded for the first time, I at last resolved to swim with the tide; and

mounting the lofty stone steps, soon found myself between two black waiters at the door way, who addressed me by the name of "Mr.—Twenty-five Cents." Not instantly apprehending the nature of the appellation, I made a kind of a stupid pause for a few seconds, when I heard the voice of an apparently drunken Dandy cry out, from the inside, "blast my ——s I've paid my twenty-five cents as well as you, and will stand where I please, d—— you."—This was a clue from the prompter. I thrust my hand into my pocket in an instant, and gave it to the negro who stood grinning impudently in my face.—Having satisfied this black Cerberus by a sop, I now found myself in an elegant drawing room, surrounded by the most fashionable company; while in the middle of the room an Auctioneer mounted upon a table, was pointing to an immense mirror, with the usual cant of the trade, "come ladies and gentleman, what's bid for this elegant glass? Come give us a bid! It cost three thousand dollars! Is three thousand bid?—Two? One? Nine hundred is bid. 1000, 1100, 1200, 1300, 1400, 1425, 1450, 1475, 1500—going, going—once, twice—recollect—three times—gone—Mrs. Dashail."—“A prodigious price for one article of furniture, cried I (in a kind of half articulate mutter, of which I have got a habit) why it would furnish a whole house very decently for a young couple going to be married.” The remark was overheard by all in my immediate vicinity; two or three young ladies laughed outright; two old ones threatened to frown me into good manners; and a little red faced old gentleman, with a white head, who pretty much resembled a jelly-pot covered with white paper, elbowed his way through two Dandies, to the place where I stood. “You’re right, said he, in a half whisper, and taking me by the arm. But you see how fashion carries every thing.” “This is a very sumptuous mansion, I observed; and in so young a country, among a pure Republican people, whose characteristic is said to be simplicity, is rather calculated to excite surprise.” “Tis sumptuous enough; the proof stands on the table, with his hammer in his hand.—But—“Two thousand dollars only is bid, cried the Auctioneer, interrupting the old gentleman; *only* two thousand; why it cost twice that sum in London.”—“It’s growing intolerably hot in this room, cried my little hoary headed friend—suppose, said he, taking my arm, we adjourn for a few minutes to the garden.” To this I acceded, having no desire to purchase, and perceiving the eyes of the women, rivetted upon me, in an increasing circle, as one whisper gave life to another, till the important communication passing between them had spread to the extreme limits of the room.

We soon elbowed our way out into the garden, which is as spacious and elegant, as the mansion itself.—As we were descending the steps—“Ah, *Replete!* you here my little wag, cried a well known voice, (it was that of my friend *Rugged*) and in conjunction with that first of planets, *Dr. Gildpill!* Does this portend! aye faith! it must—some shaking of the earth.” “It is an accidental meeting entirely, I assure you, cried I—the attraction of sympathy brought us together!” “Then let me confirm the divine bond, by my *hand and seal*, cried Rugged. Doctor, allow me formally and fervently, to present to your acquaintance, my friend, Mr. Replete, a wit, a gentleman, and a poet.” The Doctor was profuse in compliments,

ardent in professions of friendship, esteem, and so on, but *modesty* is a pretty thing, and I must not repeat them. “Mr. Rugged, continued the Doctor, your friend and I have just been chatting of this prodigal Palace. It is our privilege, you know, to mourn over the degeneracy of the times.” “True, answered Rugged, and while you mourn, behold how yonder giddy world of fashion reels in intoxicated wealth!” “Pray, said I, is the proprietor of this Lordly edifice dead, or on the point of removing to a land, where riches are held in higher estimation, and a title may be purchased for gold?”—A title! cried the Dr., no, no! The proprietor, sir, is only dead to grandeur. You cannot be ignorant of the passion for building, and seeing company, which has prevailed here of late years among speculators, merchants, and Bank Directors. This is but one of the same stranded vessels, freighted by vanity to the *land of promise*.” “I promise to pay, cried Rugged, on demand, to *Wind and Co.* five Dollars.”—“His capital was a—stock of speculation, and his business—a speculation in stock. He shipped—letters of recommendation to the East, which procured consignments.”—“Consigned to eternal loss,” interrupted Rugged. He traded to the West, to the South, to the North; and wherever a vessel could penetrate to diffuse his fame. Business is the thing (was his maxim) a good appearance—profit will follow of course.—Well, the building mania began to rage; he purchased lots and houses—pulled down the old huts, and erected the new palace. The Bank will, of course, discount for a Director, but then, there’s a limit even to the capital of the Bank. Shavers, however, can always be found, especially among the agents and officers of government, who have public funds to—*husband*. He found relief from the shavers—but the shavers have eyes, and will not lend for love. They saw a little speck in the distance, the big house began to look bigger than ever in their eyes.—But the coach still rolled, the liveries still shone, the plate still sparkled, the dinners still flourished, and the parties still perspired with celestial pleasures.—But the shavers paused—the Nabob stared, stammered, threatened. Avarice always conquers. The Nabob—*kept his house*—and his *I promise to pay’s*, were duly honoured by—the hand and seal of the Notary.—The Nabob fired with indignation, resorted to the newspapers for redress—he published his—*creditors*—“Take notice, that I have applied to the honourable the Judges, &c. &c. for the *benefit* of the act, in such cases made and provided—where you may attend—if you *think proper!* He went through the *mill*, as the cant phrase has it, and came out fresh and invigorated. You behold his grandeur now going through the same process. A hundred mansions will derive splendour from the glittering fragments of this fairy scene.”—“And a hundred worthy young couple could have been comfortably furnished out for life, for what, in this manner, only gratified the vanity of one poor, weak, and deluded mortal!”

“A sumptuary Law should be enacted,” cried Rugged. “No, said the Doctor, a virtuous people, and a free one too! should controul their own pride; and return to the simplicity of Republican life and manners of their own accord. Banks should either be wholly abolished, because they are the means of feeding this passion for prodigality, and counterfeit wealth; or *Titles of Nobility*

should be created, to keep the extravagance in countenance, and to give *consistency* to the whole, we should have a *King*, a *George the IVth*, or a *Sandanapalus*."

"Of which a dagger, cried I, would soon rid us. You remember the glory of—*killing a Tyrant*."—"Aye, said the Dr. that's Roman Glory. But look, the ladies are tearing into another room."—We were at the bottom of the garden half a square off, but could distinctly hear occasionally, the voice of the Auctioneer, borne on the wings of the breeze, "only 1800 dollars, only 1800—&c."—which every time the Dr. heard, he would give a sigh, and a whistle, very significant of what he thought of the unblushing prodigality of our plain Quaker city.

"There are four weddings to be garnished out in house trappings, from this auction," cried Rugged. "And I know of six parties, waiting for some gew-gaw of fashionable splendour," said the Dr.—"And I envy the married couple, who may yet get the bed, more than all the others, cried Rugged, waggishly. An Emperor might be proud of the hangings; a Tyrant might lie as secure in its down, as in a coat of mail. It rises over you, like a bellow, so soft, buoyant, and flexible." "Such beds destroy the energy of the system said the Dr., and conduce to the degeneracy of the species."

A great bustle, noise, and screaming of the females now attracted our attention towards the mansion. A lady apparently lifeless was borne out into the air. She had fainted. We enquired the cause—it must have been the heat of the rooms. Her husband followed in distraction. In a short time she recovered; we again asked the cause of her illness—she was disappointed of a piece of sumptuous furniture, on which she had *set her heart for her next party*, her husband not allowing her to go beyond 2000 dollars, and when it was knocked off for 2200, she swooned to all appearances, dead.

LIFE OF ARMSTRONG.

(Continued from page 77.)

In one unlucky line, however, he happened to hit off a character so suited to what Churchill, with whom he had been on habits of intimacy, either thought of himself, or conceived the public thought of him, that nothing would persuade him but that he was personally held out to ridicule. The offensive line occurs in the following passage:

"What news to day? I ask you not what rogue,
What paltry imp of fortune's now in vogue;
What forward blund'ring fool was last preferr'd,
By mere pretence distinguish'd from the herd;
With what new cheat the gaping town is smit;
What crazy scribbler reigns the present wit;
What stuff for winter the two Booths have mixt,
What bouncing mimic grows a *Roscius* next."

It is needless to say, how reasonable it was in Mr Churchill to conclude, that there could be no other "crazy scribbler," except the author of the *Rosciad*, in the writer's eye; or to point out the modesty with which he so readily arrogated to himself the character of the reigning wit of the day; and still less is it necessary to dwell on the good grace with which an author, who required such large allowances for the deliberate licentiousness of his own pen, should be enraged at so mere a chance medley on the part of another. Churchill was resolved to be revenged, and in his poem, called "The Journey," thus repaid one accidental hit, by twenty mortal stabs at the reputation of a man whom he had once owned as his friend, and joined with all the world in admiring as a writer.

"Let them with Armstrong, taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence;
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away.

Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness; when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when mem'ry wakes,
When for our past misdoings conscience takes
A deep revenge, when by reflection led
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let ev'ry muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep: an *Etna* burns,
A more than *Etna*, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids the rest;
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there,
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.

About the same time, a coolness took place between Dr. Armstrong and Mr. Wilkes, on account of the obloquy which the latter was perpetually endeavouring to cast on the Scottish nation in his *North Briton*; and this led to the disclosure of some rather embarrassing circumstances, respecting the publication of the Epistle which had provoked the ire of Churchill. Armstrong had always affected to disapprove of its publication, and spoke of it as a production designed only for private perusal. How far this was the real state of the case, will be seen from the following letters, which now appeared in succession in the *Public Advertiser*, the favourite vehicle of Wilkes, but which have never been republished in any of the biographical collections.

To the Printer of the *Public Advertiser*.

Sir,

I am not surprised that the patriot of Prince's Court* attacks Sir John Dalrymple for his detection of that pseudo patriot, Algernon Sydney, as that same Algernon received the wages of iniquity, as our present worthy patriot does, undoubtedly, at least probably, from the rivals and enemies of our country. But the patriot seems to quit his proper and usual tract in deceiving only his intimates and friends; for I am assured that Sir John Dalrymple is neither the one nor the other. He always took more delight in exposing his friends than in hating his enemies. We know, at least I am assured of the fact, that a very worthy and ingenious friend of this imposter trusted him with *jen d'esprit* of a poem, incorrect indeed, but which bore every mark of a true, though ungoverned, genius. This poem, though rough as it was, he carried to A. Millar, late Bookseller in the strand, and published it in his friend's name, without his knowledge. This is a fact, Mr. Printer; therefore, I think Mr. W. should let alone Scotch writers.

DIES.

(*Public Advertiser*, March 23, 1773.)

In the *Public Advertiser* of March 24, 1773, there is a letter, which, after quoting the preceding attack of DIES as one of the various calumnies circulated against Mr. Wilkes, thus proceeds—

"Your correspondent, sir, is pleased to appeal to a dead Bookseller; I appeal to the living author, who is now in London. He desired the poem might be published; it was written for the public eye: he directed the Bookseller to call on Mr. W. for the copy. The Bookseller produced his credentials, under the author's own hand, upon which Mr. W. gave him the manuscript of the poem. It was afterwards published in the kindest way for the author's reputation, as a *Fragment*. I believe he will not choose to restore the passages, which were omitted in the first edition of 1760. When he does, the kindness, and perhaps the judgment of the Editor will appear, I am told, in a very strong and favourable light. The poem was not published till the Bookseller had received a second positive order for that purpose, from the author, after several objections to the publication had been transmitted to him in Germany, and amendments made by himself. It was a favourite child, not without merit, although scarcely quite so much as the fond father imagined. Mr. Churchill wrote the four following lines on that poem, which were never forgiven. They are in the *Journey*.

"Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all, but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot,"

TRUTH."

To the Printer of the *public Advertiser*.

Sir,

I thought that Mr. W.'s Scotch friend would, ere this day, have forgotten that "day," which it must be confessed added very little repu-

* Prince's Court was, at that time, the residence of Mr. Wilkes. A. S.

tation to his former literary fame. The cynical empiric ought to remember that it was by his own express orders that *Day* came to light. I doubt not but the ingenious author of the *Sketches* has given the aid of his literary talents to Sir John; but methinks he ought to vouchsafe to content himself with giving private applause to what is, in part, his own work, and to avoid puffing up its merits before a public, not very fond of his misanthropical, scotchified, and dull observations. His vain attempts at humour are long known, and as long despised. If ever Mr. W. honoured him with his company, sure I am, it was more to laugh at his cynical folly and absurdity, than to receive either information or delight from his conversation.

"I desire him, however, to confine his rancorous belchings to the private conversation of his very few friends left. I may be tempted to drag him forth, by name, to public chastisement, for I cannot, with patience, see the hero, to whom we owe our liberty, reviled by the poisonous breath of a man, already detested for his known aversion to mankind. This may serve, for this Day, in answer to Dies.

Now,

(*Public Advertiser, April 1, 1773.*)

(*To be continued.*)

REFINED BARBARISM.

It was a law at Athens, that every citizen who had a foreigner to his mother, should be deemed a bastard, though born *in wedlock*, and should consequently be incapable of inheriting his father's estate.

Themistocles said to Antiphates, who had formerly treated him with disdain, but in his glory made in court to him, he said, *Young man, we are both come to our senses at the same time, though a little too late.*

DEMOCRACY.

Never was there more difference of opinion among all parties, touching the candidates for the next Presidency, than now prevails. This diversity of sentiment is not confined to individuals, but pervades all classes of politicians, without the usual restraint of party adhesion. This must necessarily be the case, till regular nominations are made, by the delegates chosen for that purpose, or by the usurping mandates of an intriguing *Caucus*. For ourselves, we do not say, that when those nominations are made, we shall adhere slavishly to the candidate of our party; but at the present moment, it is a palpable violation of truth, as well as repugnant to facts, to say, that we attempt to divide the Democratic party, because we are opposed to the *aristocratic* features of Mr. Calhoun's political character. At present, Mr. Calhoun is no more the Candidate of the Democratic party, than Mr. Adams; and we hope, devoutly hope, that he never may be. As to Mr. Adams, he is equally as inimical to Republican principles, and Representative government as Mr. Calhoun. Now we will suppose, that by some of those accidents and intrigues, which more or less influence all political associations one of those gentlemen should be nominated by a Democratic *Caucus*! We should certainly think it our duty as staunch Republicans, and the friends of the people, to oppose the Election of men, who would necessarily bring contempt and discredit upon Democracy, by their aristocratic pre-delections and despotic views. In doing this, we should only be attempting to divide the Democratic party, *in order to preserve it.* The time has, thank God, passed, when it was treason to dissent from the dictation of a *Caucus*; and we are certain, nothing but a *Caucus*, (if that will) can succeed in nominating the man, who carries the *royal army and Bank system* before him, as a besom, to sweep the votes of a free people. We hope we

shall never see the day, when the *political Accoucheur of the NATIONAL BANK*, will be a successful Candidate for the *Presidency of the United States*! Knowing as we do, that the opinions and principles of Mr. Calhoun, are in direct variance with the existence of free-representative government, we are fully sustained in the declaration, that strictly and truly considered, he never can become a *Democratic Candidate*, notwithstanding he should so far succeed, as to gain his nomination. For his talents and genius, we have the highest respect; but it would be worse than treason to the Republic, to prefer a man for his talents, who is objectionable on the score of *principles*.

POLITICAL SIMULATION.

ANCIENT history is often a faithful mirror of the vices, misfortunes, and characters, of the present times; and furnishes practical lessons of wisdom and prudence, that may rescue a people on the brink of ruin, and save their Liberty and their Rights, in the last gasp of despotism.

Plutarch in his life of Solon, has admirably described in the person of *Pisistratus*, an ambitious and artful tyrant, who could successfully practice the most profound hypocrisy and simulation, for the purpose of blinding the *people* to his real character and designs, and in this manner gaining their suffrages for the highest posts in the government. The object of *Pisistratus* was unlawful and despotic power; but knowing from the ardent love of Liberty so peculiar to the *Athenians*, that he could never arrive at the crown *openly* and by force; he took his measures accordingly, and began to play the part of a patriot and a Republican. In this he succeeded but too well, notwithstanding the powerful efforts of Solon, to open the eyes of the deluded People to his real character and views.—But we shall give the reader the words of Plutarch himself, to show that we wrest not a syllable from its real meaning, or pervert single fact, to subserve the lesson of wisdom, which we contemplate to effect, by this example of one of the most polished and wise people of the globe.

Solon having been absent on his Travels, returns to Athens, where he finds the people distracted by the rivalry of three parties, who aimed at a change of the laws which he had so wisely established. *Pisistratus* was the chief of one of the factions.

"While matters stood thus, says Plutarch, Solon arrived at Athens, where he was received with great respect, and still held in veneration by all; but, by reason of his great age, he had neither the strength nor spirit to act or speak in public as he had done. He therefore applied in private to the heads of the factions, and endeavoured to appease and reconcile them. *Pisistratus* seemed to give him greater attention than the rest; for *Pisistratus* had an affable and engaging manner. He was a liberal benefactor to the *poor* ;* and even to his enemies he behaved with great candour. *He countenanced so dexterously the good qualities which nature had denied him*, that he gained more credit than the real possessors of them, and stood foremost in the public esteem, in point of moderation and equity, in zeal for the present government, and aversion to all that endeavoured at a change. With these arts he imposed upon the *people*; but Solon soon discovered his real character, and was the first to discern his insidious designs.—Yet he did not absolutely break with him, but endeavoured to soften him, and advise him better; declaring both to him and others, that if *ambition* could but be banished from his soul, and he could be cured of *his desire of absolute power*, there would not be a man better disposed, or a more worthy citizen in Athens."

The whole of this passage from Plutarch is a faithful mirror of the present exertions and arts of the *old Federal Party of John Adams*, to regain their political ascendancy under a softer name, and a *countefit* character; as we here behold *Pisistratus*, described, by the great historical painter of antiquity. Setting aside their *ambition*, and their *desire of absolute power*, we might with justice respond the qualified encomiums bestowed upon *Pisistratus*. But those baneful qualities render them more noxious and hateful to a free People than legions of foreign enemies, who openly assail us; for against them we are

* "By the poor we are not to understand such as asked alms, for there were none such at *Athens*. 'In those days, says Isocrates, there was no citizen that died of want, or begged in the streets, to the dis honour of the community.' This was owing to the laws against *idleness and prodigality*, and the care which the *Areopagus* took that every man should have a *visible livelihood*."

sure of victory, if we desire it, and whatever may be the danger, we are not ignorant of its magnitude, or its means of mischief.

A free people are bound to watch their Liberties with a jealous eye, and an unceasing vigilance. If there has existed in the Republic, parties avowedly hostile to the rights of man, and showing by their actions, that they are stimulated by *ambition* and a *desire of arbitrary power* ;—the people cannot be too jealous of such factions, or too much mistrust any *apparent* change of character, which they may artfully put on for sinister and selfish purposes. Ambition, we know will carry men to the length of death itself, in its mad career. Thus when Pisistratus, just mentioned, found his arts not likely immediately to succeed, he *wounded himself with his own weapon*, and in that state, bathed in blood, drove into the market-place at Athens, among the People, and charged his enemies with having laid in wait for him, and inflicted the wounds—all which, he pretended, he suffered for his love of country, for he declared himself a Patriot!—*The cheat imposed upon the people, who granted him a body guard!* Thus did the arts of the *Tyrant* eventually prove successful.

The old Federal party of John Adams, finding that they cannot rise to power, and gratify their ambition, under their old detestable character, are now busy in counterfeiting Republicanism, and like Pisistratus, hope to impose upon the people.—They would even wound themselves, if their blood would gain their credit with the people.—Having had no little miserable experience of the conduct of such men, when in power, from the *reign of terror* that prevailed in the days of John Adams, we think we do not reason on fallacious grounds, when we infer, that this experience will *save us, in future from a similar affliction*, and that the *Dukes* will be kept down.

MESSRS. RUSSELL'S AND ADAMS' LETTERS.

Whatever intrigue upon the next Presidency originated this controversy, one thing is indubitable, that Mr. Adams has lost ground, if he ever possessed any, as a Patriot; besides having his credit as a Negotiator, and his reputation as a Statesman, substantially impaired. We are wholly ignorant of the Candidate, whom Mr. Russel means to favour, and cannot therefore, be supposed to speak on this subject from sinister feelings. It is only as a *National* subject of great importance, that we consider it; and coming, as it does, blended with the interesting and vital question of *State Secrets*, in a free government, it assumes a shape of great consequence, in relation both to the genius of our institutions, and the sacrifice of our national rights. Mr. Adams has unquestionably laid himself open to imputations of a very serious character, the extreme of patriotism and disinterestedness, by his conduct in the Ghent Negotiation. His defence is little more than a hot-blooded vituperation of his colleague's letter and conduct; and if to recriminate were to justify, he might be so justified. But Mr. Russell's grounds of proceeding are so noble, elevated, and patriotic; and so infinitely superior is he in manly, and bold reasoning, as to put to shame, the sly, cunning, and creeping vindication of Mr. Adams.—A *Jesuit* might approve Mr. Adams's defence, but every ingenuous and frank American, would admire the lofty and independent attitude of Mr. Russell. There is such a contrast between the two, that no man can mistake the patriot, for the monarchical negotiator schooled in sophistry. That Mr. Adams should be *angry*, is very natural—every man is angry—at being found out.

FOR THE COLUMBIAN OBSERVER.

MR. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS

According to Mr. Walsh, the *superior training* of Mr. Adams qualifies him for the Presidency.

It is true Mr. Adams was *trained* in all the vices of a corrupt court, the intrigues of a vicious aristocracy, the labyrinths of political turpitude, and the wiles of English

Intrigue, while minister at the court of St. James. He was *trained* in the art of *grinding* the radicals of his own country, by the *masterly* exhibitions of a Despotic machinery, invented for the purpose by the Autoocrat of Russia, whilst resident at the court of that imperial friend of Republican America. He has been *train'd* in the dialectics of the schoolmen, the pious fraud of morality, by being a professor of rhetoric; and in the mysteries of the human heart by being *born in office*. He was *trained* to *Federalism*, under the auspices of his father, and to Democracy by the genius of adversity, whose visit to old Mr. Adams at a season of retirement, opened his eyes to the *interest of his family*, and prompted him to make a provision for the *future* elevation of his son. If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain. The people would not follow Mr. Adams, and Mr. Adams found it convenient to *appear* to follow the people. It is not unreasonable to believe that, as the Father sold his political integrity to purchase his son a ladder upon which to mount to eminence, that the son would improve upon the example, and sell his country to provide his son with an hereditary diadem. The power and patronage of a President of the United States, when corruptly exercised and applied; or in the hands of an unprincipled and ambitious man, is sufficiently formidable to endanger the liberties of the people, if not, to accomplish the dissolution of our free form of government, and erect upon its ruins the curse of an invincible tyranny.

Mr. Adams has not been faithful to his principles and his friends; *let no such man be trusted*.

Mr. Adams is *expert* in office, but deprive him of his *formulary* and he is at sea without a compass. When industry and application are alone required to fit a man for a station, Mr. Adams would not be excelled by any of his countrymen; but when genius is required, as upon an exigency of state affairs, he would be found greatly at a loss. He should never aspire beyond the office of a *District Judge*, he would there be respectable, he would have no occasion to rely upon the resources of his own mind; rules, precedents, and adjudications are to be achieved by *a moist thumb, and a pair of spectacles*.

Iturbide.

THE SAYINGS OF AN OBSERVER.

It would be deemed impossible, if we were without the proof, that a great Leader of public Charities, who aspires to Fame for his philanthropy, would become so callous of heart, as to attempt to stifle and destroy every benevolent undertaking, which did not immediately minister to his own *lust of novelty*. But such is the natural effect of public praise upon weak understandings, and contracted souls. Distinction begets arrogance, praise—*Vanity*; and his own *celebrity* being the only motive of his Charities, he cherishes those only which promote his Fame. Such a Character even graces the *city of brotherly love*.

A man professedly and by repute *modest*, is the most impudent and intrusive of all mortals. Under *cover of his character*, he assails you with impunity; for if you call him impudent, “you spit against the wind,” as Franklin says, and it avails nothing. *A modest man* of twenty years standing, is the plague of the Town; the scourge of wits, and the companion of girls.

Nothing makes a man so callous in heart, as to be always busy in doing good, on the *immense scale of public charities*. Vain-glory, pride, arrogance swell him into venomous self-importance; while his heart loses all sensibility to private individual suffering. He becomes more solicitous for his own *fancied fame*, than the happiness of his fellow beings.

A man who has outlived *Hope*, feels all those unutterable horrors of the grave to which the Dead are insensible. His life is the torture of protracted dissolution, and his pangs are sharpened to excruciating intensity, by having all his sensibilities engrossed by gloom.

When a beautiful woman knows, that by a smile she can create a Paradise in the heart of her lover; must she not have the soul of a demon, to lacerate it by petulance, frowns, and caprice!

No brilliancy of charms in a female can atone for a *bad temper*. The first only pleases the eye, but the latter reaches with its poison the inmost recesses of the heart.

The vulgar propensity to declaim against *Old Maids*, betrays more ill-breeding than wit. The finest woman I know, may in point of age be termed an old maid, but not sarcastically, or with implied imputations of want of amenity or benevolence. The vivacity of her mind, the sweetness of her temper, the goodness of her heart, the delicacy of her taste, and the winning simplicity of her manners, do more to unsettle the heart, than all the oglings and corsettings of the brightest belles. If I said I loved her, it would be saying little. It is a more indefinable emotion than love; more durable, more pure, more noble. I would not exchange it for love or friendship. Towards a man, I would term it friendship; but towards her, it mingles tenderness with admiration, esteem with affection, and the most refined gallantry with a sentiment approaching to veneration.

Eggs preserved 300 years.

In the wall of a chapel near the Lago Maggiore, built more than 300 years ago, three eggs, imbedded in the mortar of the wall, were found to be quite fresh. It has long been known that bird's eggs brought from America or India, covered with a film of wax, have been hatched in Europe after the wax had been dissolved by alcohol.

Fatal Accident from the fumes of Iron Cement.

In November last, a smith at Maidstone, was repairing the inside of the boiler of a steam-engine, and in joining two pieces of iron, he made use of a cement composed of sal-ammoniac, sulphur, and iron-turnings, which produced such a quantity of fumes, that he was suffocated in a few moments. His assistant being at work on the outside, and hearing a Struggling noise within, got through the opening at the top of the boiler, and while descending to his master's assistance, inhaled the fumes, and fell to the bottom. A workman attempted twice to descend to his assistance, but he was so powerfully affected by the effluvia, that he was obliged to desist. A large quantity of water having been thrown into the boiler, the bodies were brought out. The master was quite dead; and his assistant, though he exhibited some appearance of life when taken out, died next morning.—*Technical Repository*, No. I. p. 77.

Philadelphia Asylum

FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

We congratulate the true friends to this afflicted portion of our species, upon the establishment of the *New School* of Instruction lately established, under the auspices of that distinguished Teacher, and highly gifted individual, *Mr. David G. Seixas*, formerly Principal of the old Institution. The new School we are happy to learn, is not only under the most liberal and enlightened management, but is in a condition of prosperity and patronage, highly gratifying to every philanthropic heart. The rapid encouragement it has received, is indeed unprecedented in this

country. The high qualifications of *Mr. Seixas*, not to speak of his enthusiastic zeal and unwearied industry, promise to place this Asylum upon an eminence of usefulness, that must become the pride and boast of the State, if not of the Union. It is impossible to witness the display of *Mr. Seixas*' powers in teaching, without thinking him supernaturally endowed as an instructor of Deaf and Dumb. No description can impart an adequate idea of that combination of qualities, which renders him so infinitely superior to all others, in this interesting branch of instruction; in which even his enemies are constrained to avow their admiration of his powers.

As the only School competent to the proper instruction of Deaf and Dumb in Pennsylvania, we must expect, of course, that it will continue to receive, the patronage and countenance of the enlightened and upright portion of the Community. And what must ever give it claims to a decided preference with the mass of our citizens is, that all Religious bigotry, and Political intolerance is studiously avoided, in the instruction of the pupils; care only being taken, to imbue them deeply with the sacred truths of Christian Revelation, and the solemn obligations of virtue and morality.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The friendly remonstrance of our correspondent *W. T.* has received our consideration. He is mistaken in point of fact. The enlargement of the *Observer* will not impair its *literary* character. On the contrary, it is the design of the Editors to make the literary department of their paper, in the Folio shape, by far the most copious. Next to that, Politics will occupy the greatest space. The same original essays will be admitted, together with ample selections; forming, as we contemplate, a pleasing variety. Great discrepancy of opinion prevails, as to the Quarto sheet being the most eligible form. Some, and we believe the majority, give the preference to the *Folio*; in selecting which, we have chosen a size, that has the same proportions as the Quarto on which it is now printed; and a specimen of which may be seen at the office of publication. We think such a Folio, as convenient as the quarto for preservation. Whatever contrariety of opinion, however, may obtain, upon the subject, we only beg of our subscribers a fair and impartial experiment. Our plan is not by any means to be confounded with that of the common daily papers, although some may deem it inferior. A trial only can test its merits.

The poetical piece from the same source, is only inadmissible, because it has already appeared for the first time, in one of our city journals. Upon the fruit offered at our humble shrine, we wish *all* the *bloom* to appear, if not all the *beauty*.

LINES ON THE REVOLUTION,

And its surviving Heroes.

Hail Revolution! Freedoms blood-crowned sire!
Unknown to Roman strength, or Grecian fire:
First born of Modern virtue's Patriot mind,
Alike benignant, happy, and refined!
Whose flame consumes the Tyrant's crowned head,
Lights slaves to Freedom—strikes the bondman dead!
Majestic Freedom, awful in thy mien,
Dread in thine aspect, beauteous when they beam,
Sheds o'er the placid vale of tranquil life,
The bliss of Peace, far from Despotic strife;
From proud oppression, and from Tyrants free,
In *equal rights* enjoying Liberty.
A free born people, here secure behold,
Alone by reason, and by Laws controul'd!
Proud in their freedom, confident in right,
Bold in their virtue, terrible in fight:
Happy as men, and as a Nation great,
Domestic love, creating Public State—

Kings o'er themselves—each man a Sovereign-free,
To choose the law that gives him Liberty.
To thee, in heart-felt homage, here we bend,
And pour our thanks to father, warrior, friend ;
To thee each son of great Columbia's land,
Bends the proud knee, and waves the victor's hand !

Immortal sons of Freedom's blood-stain'd Fame,
Whose faulchion in the fight achiev'd our name :
Long shall ye live to after times a theme,
Of wonder, honour, gratitude, esteem !
While zealous Votaries to your tombs shall throng
Spite of the curse of proud Patrician wrong ;
There pour the ardent prayer—the heart-sprung tear,
That flows from all, who Patriot-worth revere !
There round your graves shall millions vent the sigh,
Warm with the theme, and wish like you to die :
While children catch the ardour of their sires,
Burn for the field to prove their natal fires ;
And eager pointing to great Warren's grave,
Shout peals of glory o'er the patriot brave !
But Thou ! transcendent Washington ! round thy tomb,
No tears shall flow, howe'er deplo'red thy doom !
Sublimer feelings at thy Name arise,
Spread through the earth, and echo to the skies !
Where'er they rest, thy ashes and thy urn,
The eternal shrine of Liberty shall burn.
While eager worlds a Pilgrimage shall pay
To Vernon's shades, and sanctify the clay,
On which our Hero's ashes gently rest,
In Nature's State Bed, by a People blest ;
Void of all pomp, save that the heart inspires,
When gratitude and joy, a Patriot nation fires !
There Nations shall adore thy sacred name,
Kindle to glory, and their rights maintain ;
While Capac's Son's, and Montezuma's soil,*
Shall emulate thy glories, and thy toil :
Spurn Tyrant power, and hailing Freedom's light,
Seek in the strife of blood, their equal right !
And even Spain, regenerate e're her fall,
Shall blush to own an Idiot—Despot's thrall ;
But at thy name in ev'ry vein shall swell,
Spur the proud courser, and for right rebel ;
Turn priests to soldiers ; and their dens of pray'r,
To forts, where freedom's champions may repair.
Inspiring Name ! let all who hear its sound,
Feel at its magic charm their spirits bound :
Let chains dissolve, and Tyrant's drooping fall,
Whene'er His name their recreant souls appal !
Greece ! thou Eternal mother of all right,
Here 'flame thy torch, to rise from thraldom's night !
Still breast the fight, still bear with woes and pains,
Nor yield to Tyrants, while a life remains ;
In thy extremest need, and deepest grief,
Remember Washington, and hope relief !

Ye native sons of him, whom all proclaim,
Our father, hero, chief—sublime in Fame !
Have ye so soon forgot the battle's fight,
When Liberty lay panting in the fight !
Have ye forgot the virtues of your sires,
Their valour, toil, and patriotic fires ?
What ! shall the Veteran of your Hero's band,
Perish for want, within his native land ?
Shall he who fearless on the field has bled,
Whose fortune, vigour, all—in battle fled,
Leaves him a prey to want—shall he be spurn'd
To a slave's tomb, who for his country burn'd ?
While heartless praise resounds from ev'ry tongue,
And millions riot on the fields he won !
Ungrateful People ! base degen'rate tribe !
Is this your love of Freedom ? this your pride ?

Immortal men ! who still the tempest breast,
Of time and want, nor know nor joy, nor rest !
Neglected Monument of Glory's days,
Here take my holy gratitude and praise !
Neglected friends of him, whose arm redressed
A nation's wrongs, and seated on her crest,

* An allusion to the Independence of South America.

The plume of Liberty, that shines afar,
O'er struggling empires, like salvation's star !
Here in my heart, I consecrate your Fame,
Blush for my Country, and record its shame ;
Bestow the honest tear, the heart-felt sigh,
Which none but slaves would stifle, or deny.

Shame to the *State*, in which th' Veteran's worth,
Is scornful past, for kindred, wealth, or birth !
Shame to the men, who thus so blindly rule,
And overlook the Patriot for the fool !
Shame to the *Drones*, who void of truth, or fame,
Thus brand with vile ingratitude their name ;
Shame to *Monroe*, and *Hester*, all who boast,
A bastard share among th' embattled host !
And basely stoop by *Intrigue*, to despoil,
The snow-crown'd Veteran of a gainful toil ;
The last poor refuge of a hard spent life,
From want, injustice, cruelty, and strife.
Oh heavens ! that a race by them made free,
Should dare to boast of charter'd Liberty ;
Profane the sacred gift, the hallow'd name,
Nor feel th' influence of her generous flame ;
Slaves to their passions, to their av'rice slaves,
Nor yield the Vet'ran the last crumb he craves ;
But while he totters o'er his wished-for tomb,
Curse his long life, and close in want, his doom !
Would *Sparta* thus have serv'd her Vet'ran band,
Who at Thermopole preserv'd her land ?
Had great Leonidas surviv'd that hour,
Think you, that State in all its savage power,
Would starve the Hero as he sunk in age,
And all her public posse to fools engage ?
Believe it not ! Our's is the vice alone,
To crush the Patriot, and to nurse the drone !

Republic *Rome* was once like us—as free,
As brave ; more gen'rous, grateful too, than we !
In all her sternest moods, would she have cast
Her Cincinnatus, *Patios*, too, at last
Upon the Public pity there to pine,
In want neglected, as if 'twas even crime,
To spend their vigour in the Public cause,
To fight her battles, and preserve her laws !
Is Age a crime ? Ask *Rome* and *Greece*, whose youth,
Bow'd low in reverence to their Sages' truth ;
Reserv'd the post of honour for the old,
Sway'd by its wisdom, by its zeal made bold !
How different now, when Age is deem'd disgrace,
And all are Patriots with a beardless face !

Mysterious Power ! at whose dread behest,
The Nations rise in Freedom's glories drest,
Or sink in thraldom's slumbers, like the dead,
Denied to dream of happiness that's fled :
If this ungrateful Act, and callous heart,
Bespeak a People ripe for Tyrant art,
Avert the doom ! and let the omen sink
Deep in their soul, and rouse them yet to think ;
To feel for whose, who feeling all for them,
Left joy, and home, and all, to brave the men,
Who with despotic step approach'd our shore,
To bathe the land in unresisting gore !
Columbians ! pause ; yet save your future fame,
Nor let posterity accuse your name ;
And while your children read your feats of war,
Blush for your av'rice, and your vice abhor !
Retrieve the wrong, and by one gen'rous deed,
Rescue your Fame, your Patriot's wants relieve ;
Before the tomb shall close upon their race,
And Nature scorn to wait the tardy grace.

On the first Saturday in August ensuing, it is the design of the Editors to issue the *COLUMBIAN OBSERVER* twice a week, on a Super-royal Sheet, at Five Dollars per annum. It will be published on Wednesday and Saturday Evenings.

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